NOVEL USE OF A BICYCLE.

A TEXAS DEPUTY MAKES HIS PRISONERS RIDE BEHIND HIM.

Easier Than Horseback—He Says It is a Much Safer Method—One of His Peculiar Experiences.

JOSH MESSERGER, a Deputy Sheriff of Grayson County, Texas, has a brand-new device for bringing in prisoners whom he has arrested. He is probably the first peace officer in the United States to adopt it. The device is nothing more nor less than that of bringing them in on the rear step of his bicycle.

"I should think you'd be afraid to risk yourself in your prisoner's power to that extent," suggested one of an interested circle of auditors the other night in the rear of Gibb's drug store as Mr. Messerger had been explaining how it is done.

"Well, that was what that fellow thought the other night when I brought him in from Southmayd," was the reply, "but I didn't have a bit of difficulty in explaining to him how matters stood. As a matter of fact, it is every bit as safe to bring a prisoner in standing on the rear step of your wheel as any other way, and possibly safer. If the fellow is on one horse and you on another he may make some motion and get the advantage of you before you can help yourself; but if he's standing on the step of your bicycle he's got to hold on to your shoulders. It don't make a bit of difference how dark a night it is, if he goes to make the least unusual motion you can feel him, and you can throw him off the wheel before he can wink an eye. Before he can get up again you can cover him with your gun, and there he is."

"How about that fellow you brought in from Southmayd?" asked Gibbs.

"Oh, I almost forgot to tell about him," was the reply. "About 10 o'clock one night a month or so ago we got a telegram from Southmayd stating that a man had just been shot out there. I reckon you all know that Southmayd is the first little station west of here on the T. P., and is about twelve miles away by the wagon road. The telegram didn't say how bad the fellow was hurt, and we didn't know but maybe some fellow'd been murdered outright. The Sheriff told me to go out and see about it, so I jumped on my wheel and off I went. When I got out there I found that some fellow had shot a man there in the dark, the shot going through the hat and inflicting merely a scalp wound. It was a close call, but no serious damage had been actually done. The fellow who was shot said he had no idea whatever as to who had shot him. Well, I spent a couple of hours fooling around, talking to various folks, and trying to get some idea who had done it. Finally, after midnight awhile, I considered I had done all I could, so I started home. When I came to where the wagon road crosses the railroad just by the 'seven-mile track,' as they call it, I thought to myself I'd look at the tank—or pond, as the Eastern folks call it—and if there was any ducks or geese on it, I'd take a few cracks at 'em with my six-shooter. While I was fixin' to do this I noticed a dim light shinin' through the cracks of a little old shanty that had been built for fishing parties right by the side of the tank. Now, if I had been ridin' a horse, instead of a bicycle, the racket of his hoof falls would have scared away the fellow in the shanty before I could have got to him, but as it was I slipped up, and peeked through the cracks before he knew I was anywhere around. There was a pretty tough-looking citizen on the inside, and he was just cooking his supper. I thought it would be a very strange thing if any honest man were cooking his supper there in that lonesome place at 1 o'clock at night, so I got the drop on him with my gun, and made him surrender. When I searched him I found that he had a six-shooter on, and that one load had been shot out of it. He admitted having passed through Southmayd a few hours before, so I thought I had good ground for believing he was the very fellow that had done the shooting out there. Anyhow, I knew we could get a case against him for carrying a pistol, so I concluded to take him in. After some little argument I persuaded him to get up behind me on the steps of my bicycle."

Here Mr. Messerger paused a moment and smiled rather sardonically.

"What arguments did you use?" asked one of the crowd.

"Oh, I just persuaded him," was the reply, with a significant emphasis. "Of course I took his gun away from him, and then he got up behind me all right enough. After we had gone some little distance he seemed to take a notion to talk.

"'You seem to be a sort of expert with a bicycle,' he said. 'But how do you know I may not be just as good myself? I can feel my thigh pressing your six-shooter, but what is there to prevent me from taking it away from you, shooting you and then riding off on your wheel?'

"I just sorter laughed, and said, 'Oh, I don't reckon you'll do anything as bad as all that.'

"Just about that time I felt him make some peculiar kind of motion. I never did know whether he was in earnest in trying to escape, or whether he was just joking. I'm not even sure whether he himself knew or not. The first thing he really did know he was crawling out from under a barbed-wire fence, and was looking up the barrel of a big navy six-shooter, with the moonlight gleaming down it, and me at the other end. As soon as he could catch his breath he gasped:

"'I understand now why you wasn't afraid of me, but, you needn't have explained things quite so hard.'

"After that he got up behind me again, and never said another word till we got to Sherman. It turned out that he wasn't the man who had done the shooting at Southmayd after all and Maxey said he didn't know whether or not he could make the pistol-toting case stick, being as the fellow was a traveler, so we turned him loose. I'll bet he never monkeys with another officer on a bicycle, though."

Mr. Messerger weighs 175 pounds himself, and as his prisoner on this occasion weighed about as much, it will be seen that the total weight on the wheel was considerable. It is a regular $100 wheel of a well-known make, weighs twenty-five pounds, and has no special features except that it has a step on each side in the rear, instead of on only one side. This slight variation was made for the special accommodation of the prisoner who has to stand behind. Mr. Messerger says that the only changes he would suggest in the construction of wheels is that the spokes ought to be made heavier and the pedal cranks thicker. With these changes he thinks the strength would be increased in such a way as better to suit his purposes. Instead of using the toe of his foot for pedaling, he uses the hollow, close to the heel. By so doing he thinks he gains in extra strength what he may lose in speed, and, of course, strength is needed in propelling a wheel with a prisoner's extra weight on it. He is contemplating buying a tandem, on which he expects to be able to bring in two prisoners at a time instead of one.

Mr. Messerger claims that the bicycle has numerous advantages over the horse for the uses of a peace officer. He claims that it is not only safer and more noiseless, but that it is cheaper and far speedier. He got his wheel last May, and has spent only sixty-five cents on it for repairs up to date. As to speed, he recently rode from Speer to Whitesboro, stopping along the way to summons three witnesses, and still covered the nineteen miles in less than two hours. Considering the stops, it would have taken an extra good horse to have done that well. As to the safety of bringing in prisoners in this way, it is only fair to observe that this doubtless depends much on the officer himself. Mr. Messerger is a man of powerful build, and has the reputation of being as brave a Texan as ever faced bullets and gunpowder. He is by no means a man whom the average citizen would care to get into a fight with. In the case of an officer of a different kind, this device might or might not work so well.—Globe-Democrat.

WISE WORDS.

Nothing can work me damage but myself.—Saint Bernard.

Let each man make himself as he teaches others to be. He who is well subdued may subdue others.—Buddha.

Not broken wills, not crucified wills, but consecrated wills, does he seek to pour his will through.—Samuel Longfellow.

For with all our pretentions to enlightenment, are we not now a talking, desultory, rather than a meditative generation?—J. C. Shairp.

Hope is the mainspring of human action; faith seals our lease of immortality; and charity and love give the passport to the soul's true and lasting happiness.—Street.

How near must a person live to me to be my neighbor? Every person is near to you whom you can bless. He is the nearest to whom you can bless most.—William Ellery Channing.

In proportion as man gets back the spirit of manliness, which is self-sacrifice, affection, loyalty to an idea beyond himself, a God above himself, so far will he rise above circumstances, and wield them at his will.—Charles Kingsley.

It is with some so hard a thing to employ their time, that it is a great good fortune when they have a friend indisposed, that they may be punctual in perplexing him, when he is recovered enough to be in that state which cannot be called sickness or health; when he is too well to deny company, and too ill to receive them. It is no uncommon case, if a man is of any figure or power in the world, to be congratulated into a relapse.—Steele.

Curing Shoplifting

A story is related of a London shopkeeper who cured a female kleptomaniac by inviting her into a private room and leaving her alone with his muscular maiden sister. The sister sent for a couple of birches, and "birched" the shoplifter until she howled for mercy. The shopkeeper says she has never troubled his store again, and he thinks she is thoroughly cured of the mania to appropriate that which does not belong to her.

THE HALL OF A HOUSE.

An Attractive Feature of the Modern Dwelling.

In the furnishing of a modern house the hall constitutes one of the most serious problems, but there is one

PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

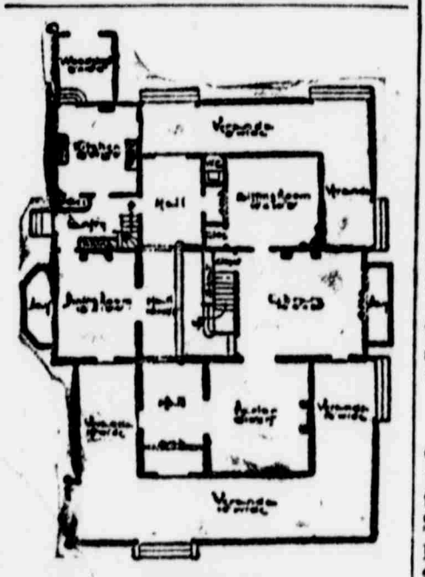
consolation. If one solves it successfully the hall becomes one of the most attractive features of the entire house. It then ceases to be a mere passageway, and becomes a veritable room, and one which, strangely enough, will be more generally used than almost any other in the house. In the conventional city dwelling, when the hall is long, narrow and dark, with a high ceiling and a flight of stairs that makes an unbroken sweep to the floor above, very little can be done to give a true artistic effect. If the front door is of solid paneled wood a great improvement will result from replacing the upper panels with glass. This can take the form of a sash of small leaded panes in fanciful design, or a single sheet of plate glass, protected by a neat iron grill. The mistake should never be made of using colored glass unless one can afford a masterpiece of genuine stained glass, for the ordinary so-called "cathedral" glass is crude in colors, and an abomination. The hall stand or hat rack, which is often found just within the front door, should be banished to some rear corner, if it is to be tolerated at all, where it will not be so much in evidence. These racks become "catch-alls," and old coats, hats, umbrellas and canes are not at all ornamental. In place of these conveniences a broad hall chair, of formal design, or better still a mahogany settee, will serve every purpose. These should be reserved for the use of casual callers. If there are no convenient closets that can be made for the garments of the members of the household, a neat clothes tree such as are imitated from the antique, will prove a great deal more sightly than the hall racks that are made nowadays. It takes up but little room and can find a place in some rear corner.

HALL AND STAIRCASE.

Under the best of conditions the hall will be none too light, and this fact should be borne in mind in choosing wall paper and carpet. The furnishings should be in light warm tones, and only the most formal designs are permissible. Few people seem to realize the effectiveness of pictures in the hall. It is customary to hang one or two large frames on the side walls, and allow the long stretch above the stairs to go uncovered. In the latter place pictures are needed, if anywhere in the house, for there is no other way in which the vast wall space can be broken.

All of this has reference to the fitting and furnishing of the ordinary city hall.

In the villa house the architect generally plans a square hall that has all the effects of an ordinary room. There may be windows on the side, an open fireplace, and plenty of contrivances that lend themselves to decorative effect. Here the treatment should be the same as in any other room, with

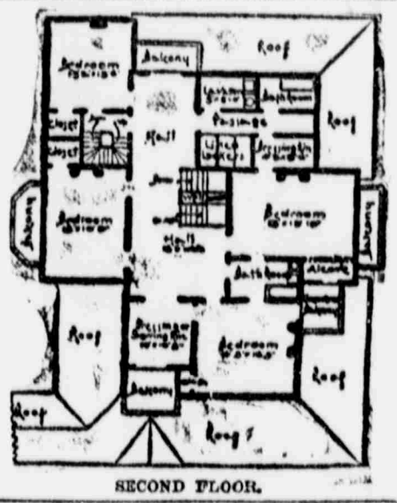


FIRST FLOOR.

this restriction. The purpose of the hall must never be forgotten. Easy chairs and sofas will not be out of place if they do not detract from the formal character, or do not obstruct free passage. There should never be a profusion of ornaments or bric-a-brac. In a general way the hints as to the city hall apply equally well to one in the suburbs. A hall chair, or settee should be placed in close proximity to the entrance door, and the fittings of the walls and ceilings should be in the light, warm tones.

The design illustrating this article lends itself readily to a most beautifully artistic treatment; the hall is a host in itself. Its ceiling is paneled to represent open timber work, and the walls finished in hard white plaster, with wainscoating four feet high from the floor, above which is tinned with a formal design planted on in stucco work, representing the fleur-de-lis of France.

The residence is sixty-two feet wide, by seventy-eight feet in depth, the first story being ten feet six inches in



SECOND FLOOR.

height. The arrangement and size of rooms is shown by the floor plans.

The sum of $8405 will build the design, not including the cost of mantels ranges, and heating apparatus.

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UNCLE SAM'S ORIGINAL ATTIRE.

Somewhat Different From the Modern Figure.

The original Uncle Sam of song and cartoon was so different from the modern figure, with its long striped pantaloons, that our readers will be interested to see the costume as some of the students of history say it should be. In the first place, say these authorities, he should wear a high hat, slightly bell crowned and of felted fur. His shirt should be portrayed with a frilled bosom projecting out, pouter fashion, and generally with a breastpin in it. His shirt collar should be high and connected with his shirt. His cravat should be wide and tied with a "pudding," as it was termed in former times. The waistcoat should be a buff, single breasted affair, with gold or gilt buttons. The swallow-tailed coat should be made with high rolling collar and high pointed lapels.

The greatest difference between Uncle Sam as he is and as he should be lies in the pantaloons. They should be made with a "trap door" in front and fitted below the knee for the wear-

ing of the boots outside. These boots should have tassels in front. Colored shirts were unknown until about 1829. Striped pantaloons are of a comparatively late date, and straps under the boots were not known until 1825. They were a part of the pantaloons and were fastened on the boot in front and buttoned under it. Goatees were not worn until late in the 30's.

The accompanying picture shows the correct Uncle Sam of a century ago, but times change and our good uncle with them.

Governor Smith, the new Executive of Montana, advises the amending of the State constitution to provide that the million acres of land owned by the State be not sold, but leased, and that persons residing on these lands be exempt from all taxation on personal property and improvements.

The Rev. Somebody defines for a New York paper "news" as "anything that the general public ought to know." According to that the multiplication table is a highly important piece of news, comments the Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE PSALM OF YOUTH.

When hoary heads recall the light
That fell on distant years,
And gleam into the youthful sight
What never can be theirs—
How wistfully young fancy gilds
The smallest thing they say!
But the world is as young as of old, my boy,
And will be for all time, and a day.

The sea bemoans its deepest woe,
The bending treetops sigh,
The seasons onward come and go,
And trouble dims the eye;
The mists of death are stealing on
Cold temples, silvered gray—
But the world is as young as of old, my boy,
And will be for all time, and a day.

The glory of a summer's morn
On dewy freshness beams:
The young man knows an only dawn—
The lily of his dreams—
And every year a nestling learns
To pipe a tiny lay—
And the world is as young as of old, my boy,
And will be for all time, and a day.
—Baltimore American.

PITH AND POINT.

Ella—"Belle can read her husband like a book." Stella—"He is her third volume, isn't he?"—Truth.

The Footpad—"Yer money or yer life!" The Count—"But—but, sair, I shall not married be until ze next month."—Puck.

"For goodness' sake, Katie, don't applaud so much—the audience will think that you got in on a pass."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Daughter—"Mamma, if I must write to Mr. Bray about his extortionate bill, should I say 'Dear Mr. Bray?'" Mamma—"Certainly, under the circumstances."

Famous Author (who has been invited to dinner, to himself)—"What a wretched menu! I shall take good care not to make any witty remarks."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Maybelle—"Hattie is to marry Mr. Goodley, the noted philanthropist." Violet—"So? I was told he was engaged in a new charitable project."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Lady of a Certain Age—"I like this dress, but it doesn't match my complexion." Candid Friend—"Oh, that's but a trifle. You can alter your complexion to suit."—Twinkles.

Borgeus—"Say, Fred, can't you lend me $10? I shall have some money coming in the last of next week." Gilgal—"Very [illegible] wait until the last of next [illegible]."—Transcript.

Mr. Tony Bender—"A splendid fellow, that Mr. Gritty. Fine example of a self-made man." Mrs. Tony Bender (with a faint sniff)—"Ah, I thought there was a home-made air about him."—Judge.

When a man is gifted with such a glowing, vivid imagination that he can lie back in a dentist's chair, close his eyes, and imagine he's in a barber's chair, enjoying an easy shave—that man is a novelist.—Clips.

"What's the first step toward the digestion of the food?" asked the teacher. Up went the hand of a black-haired little fellow, who exclaimed with eagerness, "Bite it off, bite it off!"—American Kitchen Magazine.

Ruth—"She is to be married next month and she will live abroad." May—"It will be hard for her parents to lose her." Ruth—"Oh! I don't know. They've been trying hard to lose her for the last ten years."—Puck.

"Your poor husband's death was very unexpected, was it not, Mrs. Weeds?" "Oh, no; I looked for the worst. You see, poor John stayed home three nights in succession the week before he died."—Philadelphia North American.

Boarder—"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Hashton, it was a fine sermon! You would have enjoyed it." "What was the text?" Boarder—"It was the passage which tells us that we should not be solicitous about what we have to eat and drink."—Puck.

A Profitable Dream.

It was a profitable dream that Gertie Tressler, of Knoxville, Iowa, had the other night. She dreamed that a tin can containing money was buried under a tree in the back yard of her home, and so distinct did the vision seem that the next day, impressed by it, she took a spade and began to dig. Only a few inches below the surface the spade struck something hard, and a moment later the lucky girl fished out a tin can in which was $600 in $20 gold pieces.

The only explanation of how the money came to be there is that an uncle, who was a miser, and who formerly lived in the house, might have placed it there.

Lunatics' Art Exhibition.

Perhaps the most remarkable art exhibit in the world is that of the lunatics in the Ville-Evrard Asylum in Paris. Most of the patients in the asylum have been painters or designers, and the physician in charge inaugurated a "salon" of their works. The effect on the minds of the patients is said to be excellent.